canals and Hans Memlings, and when I was there a few years ago I saw him- I shall never forget his welcome ! I let him know of my arrival, and within a few hours he sent a carriage to my hotel to bring me to his house. The seats of the *fiacre* were hidden by flowers ! He had not long been in his house, and there were packing-cases still lying about in the spacious, desolate rooms looking into an old walled garden. But on the wall of the room in which we dined was a sketch by Raffaele, and the dinner, chiefly cooked by Mr. Gilbert himself,—the Savoy at its best!

Some people regret that he has "buried" himself in Bruges, and that England has practically lost her 'best sculptor. I think* that he will do some of the finest work of his life there, and meanwhile England should be proud of Alfred Gilbert.

In a city which can boast of some of the ugliest and weakest statues in the world, he has, in the fountain erected to the memory of the good Lord Shaftesbury in Piccadilly Circus, created a thing of beauty which will be a joy to future generations of Londoners.

The other day Mr. Frampton, one of the leaders of the younger school of English sculptors, said of the Gilbert fountain that it could hold its own with the finest work of the same kind done by the masters of the past. " They tell me," he said, " that it is inappropriate to its surround-ings. It is. That's the fault of the surroundings. In a more enlightened age than this, Piccadilly

Circus will be destroyed and rebuilt merely as a setting for Gilbert's jewel/'

" The name of Gilbert is honoured in this house/* went on Mr. Frampton. We were at the time looking at Henry Irving's death-mask which Mr. Frampton had taken, and a ret)lica of which he had iust given me. I thought of Henry's